

mus is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play *Piramus*.

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawne beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a btl of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

*Bottom.* We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

*Quin.* At the Dukes oake we meete.

*Bot.* Enough, hold or cut bow-strings. *Exeunt*

### A Thus Secundus.

*Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.*

*Rob.* How now spirit, whether wander you?

*Fai.*ouer hil, ouer dale, through bush, through briar, ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire, I do wander euerie where, swifter then y<sup>e</sup> Moons sphere; And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the The Cowslips tall, her pensioners bee, (green.

In their gold coats, spots you see, Those be Rubies, Fairie fauors, In those freckles, liue their fauors,

I must go seeke some dew drops heere, And hang a pearle in euery cowslips eare.

Farewell thou Lob of spirits, He be gon,

Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

*Rob.* The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,

Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,

For *Oberon* is pasing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A lovely boy stolne from an Indian King,

She neuer had so sweet a changeling,

And ialous *Oberon* would haue the childe

Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.

But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy,

Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.

And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,

By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,

But they do square, that all their Elues for feare

Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit

Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,

That frights the maidens of the Villagere,

Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,

And bootlesse make the breathlesse hufwife cherne,

And sometime make the drinke to beare no barne,

Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme, Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke, Are not you he?

*Rob.* Thou speak'st aright;

I am that merrie wanderer of the night;

I left to *Oberon*, and make him smile,

When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,

Neighing in likeness of a silly foale,

And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole,

In very likeness of a roasted crab:

And when she drinke, against her lips I bob,

And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.

The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,

Sometime for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,

Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,

And tailour cries, and falls into a coffe.

And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,

A merrier houre vvas neuer wasted there.

But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*.

*Fai.* And heere my Mistres:

Would that he were gone.

*Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.*

*Ob.* Ill met by Moone-light,

Proud *Tytania*,

*Qu.* What, ialous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.

I haue forsworne his bed and companie.

*Ob.* Tarric rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

*Qu.* Then I must be thy Lady: but I know

When thou vvas stolne away from Fairy Land,

And in the shape of *Corin*, sat all day,

Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue

To amorous *Philida*. Why art thou heere

Come from the farthest stepe of *India*?

But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*

Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior loue,

To *Theseus* must be Wedded; and you come,

To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie.

*Ob.* How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*,

Glance at my credite, vvith *Hippolita*?

Knowing I know thy loue to *Theseus*?

Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night

From *Peregina*, whom he rauished?

And make him vvith faire Eagles breake his faith

With *Ariadne*, and *Atiopa*?

*Qu.* These are the forgeries of ialousie,

And neuer since the middle Summers spring

Met vve on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,

By pained fountaine, or by rushe brooke,

Or in the beached margent of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,

But vvith thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,

As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea

Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,

Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud,

That they haue ouer-borne their Continents.

The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vaine,

The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne

Hath rotted; ere his youth attain'd a beard:

The fold stands empty in the drowned field;

And Crows are fatted vvith the murrion floske,

The nine mens Morris is fill'd vp vvith mud, And the quaint Mazes in the wanton greene, For lacke of tread are vndistinguishable. The humane mortals want their winter heere, No night is now vvith hymne or caroll blest; Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods) Pale in her anger, vvashes all the aire; That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound. And through this distemperature, we see The seasons alter; hoared headed frosts Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose, And on old *Hyems* chinne and Ice crowne, An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds! Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer, The childing Autumne, angry Winter change Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world, By their increase, now knowes not which is which; And this same progeny of euills, Comes from our debate, from our dissention, We are their parents and originall.

*Ob.* Do you amend it then, it lies in you,

Why should *Tytania* crosse her *Oberon*?

I do but beg a little changeling boy,

To be my Henchman.

*Qu.* Set your heart at rest,

The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,

His mother was a Votresse of my Order,

And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night

Full often hath she gossipt by my side,

And sat vvith me on *Neptunes* yellow sands,

Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,

When we haue laught to see the failles conceiue,

And grow big bellied vvith the wanton winde:

Which she vvith pretty and vvith swimming gate,

Following (her wombe then rich vvith my yong squire)

Would imitate, and faile vvpon the Land,

To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,

As from a voyage, rich vvith merchandize.

But she being mortall, of that boy did die,

And for her sake I doe reare vp her boy,

And for her sake I vvill not part vvith him,

*Ob.* How long vvithin this vvood intend you stay?

*Qu.* Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day.

If you vvill patiently dance in our Round,

And see our Moone-light reuels, goe vvith vs;

If not, shun me and I vvill spare your haunts.

*Ob.* Giue me that boy, and I vvill goe vvith thee.

*Qu.* Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:

We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

*Ob.* Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this groue,

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest

Since once I sat vvpon a promontory,

And heard a Meare-made on a Dolphins backe,

Vtering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,

And certaine starres shot madly from their Sphaeres,

To heare the Sea-maids musike.

*Puc.* I remember.

*Ob.* That vvry time I say (but thou couldst not)

Flying betwene the cold Moone and the earth,

*Cupid* all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke

At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,

And loos'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;

But I might see young *Cupid*'s fiery shaft

Quencht in the chaste

And the imperiall Ve

In maiden meditation

Yet markt I where the

It fell vpon a little we

Before, milke-white;

And maidens call it, L

Fetch me that flower;

The iuyce of it, on slee

Will make or man or w

Vpon the next liue cre

Fetch me this hearbe, a

Ere the *Leuiathan* can

*Pucke.* Ile put a gi

nutes.

*Ober.* Haueing once

Ile watch *Tytania*, whe

And drop the liquor of

The next thing when s

(Be it on Lyon, Beare,

On meddling Monkey,

Shee shall pursue it, wi

And ere I take this cha

(As I can take it with

Ile make her render vp

But vvho comes heere?

And I vvill ouer-heare

*Enter Demetri*

*Deme.* I loue thee

Where is *Lysander*, and

The one ile stay, the o

Thou toldst me they w

And heere am I, and w

Because I cannot meet

Hence, get thee gone, a

*Hel.* You draw me,

But yet you draw not

Is true as Steele. Leau

And I shall haue no po

*Deme.* Do I entice

Or rather doe I not in

Tell you I doe not, nor

*Hel.* And enen for

I am your spaniell, and

The more you beat me

Vse me but as your spa

Neglect me, lose me;

(Vnvvorthy as I am) to

What vvorse place can

(And yet a place of hig

Then to be vsed as you

*Deme.* Tempt not t

For I am sicke when I

*Hel.* And I am sick

*Deme.* You doe imp

To leaue the City, and

Into the hands of one

To trust the opportuni

And the ill counsell, of

With the rich vvorth

*Hel.* Your vertue i

It is not night when I

Therefore I thinke I a

Nor doth this vvood l